Law. Who bare my Letter then to *Romeo*?
Iohn. I cold not ſend it, here it is againe,
Nor get a Meſſenger to bring it thee,
So fearefull were they of infection.
Law. Vnhappie fortune, by my Brother-hood,
The Letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of deare import, and the neglecting it,
May doe much danger: Fryer *Iohn* goe hence,
Get me an Iron Crow and bring it ſtraight
Vnto my Cell.

Exit.

Iohn Brother Ile goe and bring it thee.
Law. Now muſt I to the Monument alone,
Within this three houres will faire *Iuliet* wake,
Shee will beſhrew me much that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of theſe accidents:
But I will write againe to *Mantua*,
And keepe her at my Cell till *Romeo* come,
Poore liuing Coarſe, clos'd in a dead mans Tombe.

Exit.

Enter Paris *and his* Page.

Par. Giue me thy Torch Boy, hence and ſtand aloofe,
Yet put it out, for I would not be ſeene:
Vnder yond yong trees lay thee all along,
Holding thy eare cloſe to the hollow ground,
So ſhall no foot vpon the Churchyard tread,
Being looſe, vnfirme with digging vp of Graues,
But thou ſhalt heare it, whiſtle then to me,
As ſignall that thou heareſt ſomething approch,
Giue me thoſe flowers, doe as I bid thee goe.
Pag. I am almoſt afraid to ſtand alone
Here in the Churchyard, yet I will aduenture.

Par. Sweet Flower, with flowers thy Bridall bed I ſtrew,
O woe, thy Canapie is duſt and ſtones,
Which with ſweet water nightly I will dew,
Or wanting that, with teares diſtil'd by mones;
The Obſequies that I for thee will keepe;

Nightly

Nightly ſhall be, to ſtrew thy graue and weepe.

Whiſtle Boy.

The Boy giues warning, ſomething doth approch,
What curſed foot wanders this way to night,
To croſſe my Obſequies and true Loues right?
What with a Torch? muffle me night a while.

Enter Romeo *and* Balthazer *his man.*

Ro. Giue me the Mattock and the wrenching Iron.
Hold take this Letter, early in the morning
See thou deliuer it to my Lord and Father,
Giue me the light; vpon thy life I charge thee,
What ere thou heareſt or ſeeſt, ſtand all aloofe,
And doe not interrupt me in my courſe.
Why I deſcend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,
A precious Ring: a Ring that I muſt vſe,
In deare employment, therefore hence be gone:
But if thou iealous doſt returne to pry
In what I farther ſhall intend to doe,
By Heauen I will teare thee ioynt by ioynt,
And ſtrew this hungry Churchyard with thy limmes:
The time and my intents are ſauage wilde,
More fierce and more inexorable farre,
Then emptie Tygers, or the roring Sea.

Balt. I will be gone ſir, and not trouble you.

Ro. So ſhalt thou ſhew me friendſhip, take thou that;
Liue and be proſperous, and farewell good fellow.

Balt. For all this ſame, ile hide me here about.
His lookes I feare, and his intents I doubt.

Ro. Thou deteſtable mawe, thou wombe of death,
Gorg'd with the deareſt morſell of the earth:
Thus I enforce thy rotten iawes to open,
And in deſpight ile cram thee with more food.

Pa. This is that baniſht haughtie *Mountague*,
That murdred my Loues Couzin; with which griefe,
It is ſuppoſed the faire Creature dyed;

And